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ART. VI. — *England in 1835 ; being a Series of Letters written to Friends in Germany, during a Residence in London, and Excursions into the Provinces ;* by FREDERIC VON RAUMER, Professor of History at the University of Berlin, Author of the “History of the Hohenstaufen,” &c. &c. &c. Translated from the German by SARAH AUSTIN and H. E. LLOYD. Philadelphia ; Carey, Lea, & Blanchard. 1836. 8vo. pp. 512.

THE title of this book ensures its being opened with an eager curiosity. England, in 1835, was in the midst of that hitherto peaceable revolution, from whose progress such great things have been hoped and feared. Professor Von Raumer arrived in the kingdom in the month of March of that year, and left it in September, passing the intervening time in London, with the exception of four or five weeks spent in a rapid tour, which extended to some cities of Scotland and Ireland. A fortnight after his arrival, Sir Robert Peel's government was dissolved, and the Melbourne ministry, “like Antæus, stronger from its fall,” undertook again the guidance of the laboring vessel of the state ; and, about as much time before his departure, the Municipal Reform Bill for England was passed, the most vigorously supported and contested measure, which has yet followed in the train of the Reform in the House of Commons. During the excitements growing out of such a movement, Professor Von Raumer, through his numerous introductions, was enjoying uncommon facilities for observing the state of opinion and feeling in the highest and the middling classes of English society ; being now a guest at Windsor and Buckingham House, now passing from Sir Robert Peel's presence to O'Connell's, and now enjoying the hospitality of merchants, manufacturers, artists, booksellers, and men of letters.

They would have been opportunities lost upon many a traveller, who would notwithstanding have written a very agreeable journal of what he saw and heard, did and suffered. Merely *piquant* and popular works of this class are among the easiest and most common of all literary productions. Let a man but set down, in decent language, the history of his movements and experiences from day to day in a foreign country, and he cannot possibly fail to be entertaining. Let

him be indelicate enough to give personal anecdotes, and reports of conversations with eminent men, and he avails himself of an additional source of powerful interest. Let him traverse a country in search of materials to feed the prejudices of some party at home, and, if tolerably artful and industrious, he is likely to find calls for edition after edition rewarding his paltry labor. Poor feats are these; and as unprofitable or mischievous, as they are easy of performance. But to view the institutions and habits of a country in the lights of a cautious, benignant, and comprehensive philosophy, and so penetrate to their sense and spirit; and, this done, to use the knowledge acquired, in endeavouring to promote the adoption in one state of what is good in another, and lead the different families of men to more mutual respect and good will, by bringing them to a better mutual acquaintance, is a task for the highest minds, and a worthy service to literature and humanity. It has been well performed by the author of the volume now before us.

Professor Von Raumer brought to the preparation of his book the wisdom of theory, of history, and of active business life. He had already acquired a distinguished name by several publications, among which were the "History of the Hohenstaufen," "Illustrations of the History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," some volumes of a "History of Europe from the End of the Fifteenth Century," and "Letters from Paris in the year 1830," in which last work it is striking to remark the gay, confident, buoyant strain, so contrasted by the seriousness, the gravity, one might justly say the burdened tone of thought and spirits, which runs through the speculations upon the mighty theme of England. The earliest years of his mature life had been passed in public office, in which he obtained successive promotions till 1811, when a wish long indulged was gratified, in his appointment to a Professorship of History at Breslau. From this university he was transferred to the chair of Political Science at Berlin, where he still remains, having since had no place in the administrative government, except as a member of the *Obercensur-collegium*, or High Board of Censorship, which place he also resigned some years ago, in consequence of entertaining more liberal views than his colleagues respecting the freedom of the press.

These facts give a marked peculiarity to the point of view, from which "England in 1835" is described in this im-

portant volume. To the civilized world there are few questions of the passing time, of such exciting interest, as those which relate to the prospects of that kingdom ; and it is an interest, which we Americans, perhaps, feel far more profoundly than any of the nations, whose parchment relations with the fast-anchored isle are the closest. We want much better authorities on the subject, than often are accessible. From the ebullitions of the British press, still in the heat of the unfinished conflict, we obtain little except materials for speculation of our own, which at this distance, is necessarily unsatisfactory and vague. While the Tory press insists that English prosperity has received its death-blow in the recent changes, and the Radicals will have it that only a glimpse of hope has been opened, to be realized in a much more thorough purgation, to which shall we refuse credit, or shall we refuse it to both, or how far may we give it to either ? Nor do we feel altogether safe in trusting the judgments of our own countrymen, on the spot, with the disturbing force of their Republican partialities. “Non *nostrum* . . . . tantas componere lites.” We covet the judgments of some present observer, who shall be at the same time a man of theoretical and practical wisdom. A foreigner he must be, or else he belongs to one of the excited parties. And if he is the subject of an arbitrary government, so much the better for us ; for, if he too looks at passing events under a bias, it is a bias of an opposite direction to our own, and whatever he may be found to admit in the face of his political predilections, we have some substantial authority for assuming to be true. All this Professor Von Raumer is ; and, besides all this, he is a person of an uncommonly fair, enlarged, and penetrating mind, of a truly German industry, and of a learning which puts him readily in possession of the key to all which he is undertaking to investigate.

Professor Von Raumer affects but little a parade of sentences. But, at the first view of England, his feelings naturally break out in something more animated than their usual strain.

“When I came on deck early on the 22d, we had already left the North Foreland and Margate behind us ; on one side lay the island of Sheppy with its wooded hills, and shortly after the somewhat lower coast of Essex came in sight. Vessels of every kind swarmed around us like sea-birds ; but when we

reached Gravesend, their number increased so much, and the beauty of the nearer and richly-cultivated shores became so much greater, that I was involuntarily overcome by wonder and emotion. Recollections of the gradual upward course by which this happy island had for eighteen centuries been advancing to a pitch of elevation unmatched in the history of the world; of the deeds and the sufferings, the exertions and the errors, the wars and the conquests, of her kings, her barons, her churchmen, and her people, — all came crowding upon me. I enjoyed the delight of that high and generous enthusiasm which the ordinary incidents of life cannot call forth, and my whole journey seemed to me to be justified and rewarded by this single hour. But this was only rendered possible by my having been for years at home in England, and my having attuned the strings of my head and heart for this Æolian touch of external impressions, by solitary historic labor.” — p. 28.

Arrived in London, he divided his time among investigations in the public archives, which were the chief objects of his visit, society, examination of institutions and of objects of art, and the writing of the letters, which, in their English dress, compose the present volume. One of the first scenes he witnessed, of a public nature, was a further excitement to the enthusiasm expressed in the extract given above. On the day of the dissolution of the Peel ministry, he was present at a dinner of a Society for the Relief of Decayed Authors.

“I could tell you a great deal more about the dinner; but all these particulars lost their interest with me in comparison with one thought. In this very same hour the ministry was dissolved; and this dissolution was not (as it so often is in France) a mere concern of *coteries* and *tracasseries*, but had a real, substantive meaning, and tended to real and efficient changes. What a deal of wit, good and bad; what angry passions; what hope and fear; what praise and blame, would have foamed over like *champagne mousseux*, in such an hour, in Paris! Here, not a trace of the kind. The first toast to the King (not as with us, with three times three, but with nine times nine, and as *sforzato* as possible); then to the Queen, the Royal Family, all with the greatest applause; so, likewise, ‘God save the King.’ It seemed as if all that was passing without were but a light ripple on the face of the waters. The weal of England, her riches, her laws, her freedom, seemed moored to some immovable anchor in the securest and serenest depths of ocean, whence neither winds nor waves can ever tear them loose. The clouds

which flit along the face of heaven, and so often seem, to us timid spectators, to portend a coming storm, may here be regarded as but the passing fleeces of a summer sky ; or rather, as the proof and the earnest of an equable and safe state of the atmosphere.

"In short, there was something to my mind in the whole proceeding, — both what was done, and what was left undone, — so wholly peculiar, so above all measure exciting, that in my sympathy with England, (and have not years of my life been given to this country ?) I could hardly refrain from tears ; and I earnestly prayed God that this star might not be quenched, but that He would be pleased to purify and enlighten it, and to remove from it all the spots which partially obscure its brightness." — pp. 71, 72.

Here is already struck the key-note to the whole volume. Our author is not one of those, who "travel from Dan to Beersheba, to say that all is barren." Everywhere, on the contrary, he finds marks of profuse fertility. The more he learns, the more discriminating he becomes, but not the less satisfied and sanguine. Out-breakings of good-natured judgment, and happy anticipation, like the following, terminating the description of some much vexed subject, are scattered through the book.

"I live, therefore, in the hope that England will not want skilful steersmen to pilot her through this rocky channel ; whence she will come forth greater and mightier than ever ; to the wonder of those who now understand her not, and to the salvation of the continent from the dangers of the east and of the west." — p. 191.

"———'s letter deserves the greatest admiration for the number of good jokes, *jeux de mots*, similes, &c. What I complain of is, that the general impression of England which he produces is a dark one, while I am continually more and more struck with the bright side. Many believe that her last stormy evening has set in, while I feel only the fresh morning breeze that precedes the dawn." — p. 352.

"Party is opposed to party ; one accuses the other ; and in the end, all are better than they are represented, either by themselves or their opponents. If I fancy myself, many centuries hence, — if I, in imagination, set myself the task of writing the History of England, what a different shape does every thing then assume, how do the complaints and the discords die away ! For must not he be prejudiced and narrow-minded who is

unable equally to appreciate Pitt and Fox, Burke and Mackintosh? Do not the trophies of Wellington, the splendid ability of Peel, the energy of Russell, triumphing by its simplicity, the clear and well-directed understanding of Spring Rice, the enthusiastic struggle of O'Connell, belong to each other? Do they not, by their reciprocal action, promote what is right? Would not the picture be poorer, the result more confined, if I should take out, condemn, or throw aside the one or the other?" — p. 511.

"While Italy still reposes on the laurels of its splendid twofold existence in antiquity and the middle ages; while Spain, shaking off its compelled inactivity, is now torn to pieces by the fury of internal dissension; while France can never find permanent happiness, so long as it does not add to courage humility, to dominion self-control, to activity perseverance, and to talents morality; where is the hope of the world, the guarantee for the future, the safeguard against the irruptions of barbarism? It is IN THE PRIMÆVAL SOUND STEM OF GERMANIC DEVELOPEMENT, AND ITS TWO MAIN BRANCHES, GERMANY AND GREAT BRITAIN. If these two nations thoroughly comprehend their noble task, if they exert all their energies for its accomplishment, then, even the diseased portions of Europe will recover their health, the manifold harmonies of life will again resound, and the smallest quarter of the globe will, in spite of all defects, still take the lead in the advance of knowledge throughout the world." — p. 512.

We may distrust, if we will, the soundness of some of the views upon which are based such bright prognostics. But we shall do well to pay a very respectful attention to the reasons urged in their behalf. Professor Von Raumer is no theorist of the liberal school, that he should think so indulgently of what is doing by those who are. He is very little of a theorist of any kind. His political philosophy recognises more fully than any writer, whom we could name, that, among governments, "that which is best administered is best." With him the king of Prussia, who (as much as Louis the Fourteenth was,) is himself "the state," is "the greatest reformer in Europe," and "the head of civilization." He is a friend to *centralization* in all the departments of authority and influence, and has evidently more confidence in reforms accorded by the government, than in those which the governed project and extort. The phrase *Rights of Man*, in its familiar acceptation, has no place of honor in his vocabulary, while the Well-being of man is with him a matter of transcendent import. So far from

having any sympathy with "the movement," merely as movement, he seems even to consider the mere general agitation of political questions as likely to cost as much as it is worth.

"——, to whom I was introduced by ——, called on me. A well-informed, clever man ; but so much a citizen of England, that Prussia and his native city Berlin, appear to him petty, and in all respects behindhand. I know how much of this is true, and how much false ; and, in spite of all my discretion, I could not forbear saying that all trees did not grow with the same bark, neither was it desirable that they should ; but that each *was* a tree nevertheless, and had a bark of its own. . . . . "The assertion that Prussia has no political education, has only a partial and conditional meaning ; for all real education must eventually have a political significancy, and a political influence ; and if that of Prussia is not conducted by means of parliamentary debates and newspaper articles, on the other hand, many parts of England are wholly without the first elements of instruction. When events demanded it, there was no more lack of political perspicacity, vigor, and enthusiasm, in Prussia than in England, although they arose under other circumstances and other conditions. I dissent, however, entirely from the notion that it is incumbent on every man to busy himself perpetually with politics, and to bestow the greater part of his thoughts and energies on public business. This French excitement seems to me just as much a disease, as the apathy which is displayed in some passages of the history of Germany. Where politics exercise an immoderate influence over the present, all other subjects of human thought and action, however noble and refined, are apt to fall into neglect. Nor do politics, in a high and large sense, consist in the events or opinions of the day ; but in that statesmanlike science, which can only grow out of a profound acquaintance with the past as well as present condition of mankind. The old complaint, that history and science lose their interest to men excited by the business and the passions of the day, may be repeated with great truth, even in London." — p. 62.

"What battles of words about words!—how often is an unmeaning or a dyslogistic word accepted as decisive of a question! One day I had briefly explained to an Irish Catholic member of Parliament the state of religious parties in Prussia. He replied, 'Your *despot*, then, has *forced* upon you very useful institutions.' The words 'despot' and 'forced,' made me wince ; and in spite of all my caution I could not entirely 'close



the edge of my teeth' (as Homer says). I said, 'Yes; if a kind father is to be called a *despot*, and the love and gratitude of children to be deemed *forced*.'

"If ten votes in Parliament had given legal perpetuity to all the atrocities which have been practised against the Irish ever since the year 1650, would that have been no 'despotism'? and would the observance of a certain *form* have rendered the question of the *matter* superfluous? I repeat, how can men practise this idolatry of forms and formulæ, and be so enslaved to them that they either cannot understand any thing which deviates from their darling usages, or peremptorily deny its very existence." — p. 67.

Nor is it by any means to a mere facility of temper, inclining him to a favorable judgment of all belonging to a people, among whom he was hospitably treated, that we owe Professor Raumer's representations of the state and prospects of Great Britain. So far from it, that on many points he is a malecontent, and in respect to others, if we were to undertake to exhibit the grounds on which his judgments rest, we should have to follow him through elaborate discussions of some of the most intricate questions of political economy. The subjects of taxation, tithes, corn-laws, pauperism, the funding system, protecting duties, wages, machinery, and others similar, are treated by him at large, and with an abundant array of facts, as well as (in the original,) with frequent and full abstracts of parliamentary debates, which, if the translator thought them superfluous for English readers, ought still to have been inserted in an edition prepared expressly for American use. He deals with the subject of penal law in a spirit of moderation and liberality. As to the church establishment, he is much impressed with the inequalities of the emoluments of ministers of religion, but does not think the church too rich, nor, as is natural for him, has any favor for the voluntary system of support for religious institutions. With the condition of the Catholics he is utterly dissatisfied, and finds no difficulty in allowing to them, as in his own country, a full share of the ecclesiastical revenues. The institution of a lay English peerage for life, at least as one more component part of the Upper House, appears to him a desirable improvement of the constitution of Parliament. The abolition of the East India Company's monopoly he commends, as a measure demanded by all reasons of sound policy; and the obligations of Great Britain to her East India possessions are urged by him in a

fine tone of remark. The requisition of subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles by students at the Universities, he condemns as an absurd iniquity ; and all the British institutions for education, from high to low, strike him as quite inferior to those of his own country, and inadequate to the wants of the times. Poor-laws he would have sustained and extended, while their faulty provisions should be revised, and a stop put to practical abuses. In one suggestion under this head, more prominently than in any other in the volume, the influence of Prussian birth betrays itself. He would have the government relieve the Irish poor, (whose misery and degradation he paints in the strongest colors,) by converting them from tenants into freeholders ; in short, making them a present of their landlords' farms. He does well to express his apprehension of the probable dissatisfaction of Whigs and Tories alike, with any such arrangement. It does not approve itself to the judgments of any division of the exported Saxon race. Yet it is no new proposal. It is only that a man is not to keep his own, if another, mightier than he, has a mind to make some other disposition of it ; the very point on which the one-headed and the many-headed monster of misrule, despotism and anarchy, Ahab and Bæbius, Achmet and Jack Cade, Frederic William and Robespierre, have always been agreed.

So much for matters of the most pith and moment. Professor Raumer is also a practised connoisseur in art, and the state of art among the luxurious islanders by no means contents him. " Their music, sculpture, and painting," he pronounces to be " now, as formerly, very inferior to those of any of the nations which have acted as leaders of the human race." Even Chantrey's works, to his judgment, " lie on this side the line beyond which lay the whole region of art among the Greeks ; at which beauty of form, and the ideal (in the true sense of the word), appear as the proper scope of art." Nor does modern English architecture please him better. So far from it, that his indignation against the expensive enormities of Buckingham House, which was intended to supply what the King of England has not, a befitting palace in his capital, breaks out in one of the most animated passages of the volume. On the other hand, he does eloquent justice to the noble old Gothic structures. Fountain Abbey, and that grandest of all relics of feudalism, Windsor, awaken all his enthusiasm ; while at Westminster Abbey he gives vent to the dismal dis-

appointment which all its visitors are sure enough to feel, at finding that most awful pile (would they but let one look on its glory-haunted vastness) broken up into closets and alleys in favor of the fees of the showmen, whom one would rejoice to pay tenfold for "the charity of their silence."

"On a sudden turn in the road, the magnificent ruins of Fountains Abbey stood before me, towards which I hastened with my intelligent guide. I thought that I was entering the aisle of the church, but it was only the transept; and the extent and sublimity of the building again surprised me when I reached the intersection of the cross. An extremely lofty and slender column still supports two bold arches; the vaulted roof, which covered the centre, has fallen in. The ancient library, the vast refectory, the vaulted cloisters, — they are not the ruins of a single edifice, but an astonishing assemblage of ruins of many splendid buildings. The solemn stillness, the beauty of the scenery, the ivy which mantled the walls and towers, and in part completely covered them, presented an image of the bygone world of mind, and the fresh and youthful energy of nature. I have never seen ruins so grand and striking, — I might almost say, so full of thought and feeling." — p. 431.

"Lord H—— very obligingly showed us the whole of the castle, much more than is usually shown; which brings me to the introduction of this letter. Windsor far exceeded my expectations, and made a greater impression on me than all the other castles I have ever seen, put together. It combines the bold originality of the middle ages with the highest pitch of splendor and comfort which our times can reach. It is not an empty, tedious monotonous repetition of the same sort of rooms, over and over again; but every staircase, every gallery, every room, every hall, nay, every window is different, surprising, peculiar; in one word, poetical. In the rich, busy, hurrying London, I have often longed for the quiet of decaying Venice, — often looked for a tinge of poetic melancholy, or of fantastic originality. In vain; no trace was to be found, even in society. Always the sharp outline of reality; the mathematics of life; the arts of calculating, of gaining, of governing. In Windsor, on the contrary, England's history, so rich in interest, with all its recollections, suddenly stands before my eyes. These gigantic towers, bastions, balconies, chapels, churches, and knightly halls in fresh and boundless variety; at every step, new views of rivers, valleys, woods, and fields; the fancies of a thousand years crowded together into one instant, and far surpassing everything that opera decorations would dare to represent on paper and canvass.

"I could understand Versailles, and see Louis the Fourteenth and his court walking up and down in the straight rectangular walks among the formal hedges, fountains, and half fabulous animals ; it was just a scene from Racine or Corneille. In Windsor, for the first time since I was in England, I fully understood that Shakspeare was an Englishman. Here he reigns as monarch, and his romantic world here finds a local habitation. As we were afterwards whirled along in the royal carriage through the green meadows, and the ancient oaks and beeches, where the wildest nature is interspersed with beautiful gardens and quiet lakes, where richly ornamented boats lay ready to transport us to the distant wooded and mysterious shore ; I felt that I was on the spot where the Henrys reigned, and acted their great and gorgeous tragedies ; where, in moonlight nights, Oberon and Titania sport with their fairy troops ; where Rosalind wanders in the forest, or Jacques indulges in his melancholy musings, or Beatrice throws out her keen jests like bright arrows." — pp. 249, 250.

"Westminster Abbey, as I saw it in Paris, — the painted Westminster Abbey of the Diorama, — made a grander, more sublime, and more harmonious impression on me, excited and touched me far more, than the reality. There I saw the solemn edifice at one glance ; the whole extent was before me, and an awful stillness seemed to invite the mighty dead from their tombs, although those tombs were not visible. Here, on the contrary, is a perfect labyrinth of wooded partitions, doors, screens, railings, and corners. Nowhere a grand general effect ; nowhere a feeling of congruity, and of regard to the main object, — the architectonic character of the building. It seemed as if all these nooks and swallows' nests were contrived merely to increase the number of showmen and key-bearers who lurk in them." — p. 141.

Professor Raumer finds one of the few points on which all opinions agree in England, to be, that the stage "has declined, and is declining." This fact gives him much concern, and he submits several explanations, occurring to himself, or proposed by others. Some of these, such as the monopoly of the legitimate drama by the two principal theatres ; the want of police regulations, securing the comfort of the audience ; the late hours of dining which have become the fashion ; the size of theatres, inconsistent with the best exertion of the voice ; the costliness of the amusement ; the attraction of concerts and the opera ; and the discontinuance,

under the present reign, of encouragement given to the stage by former sovereigns, do not strike one as going far towards a solution of the question. Other circumstances specified are of a more important character, and probably of much more considerable influence ; such as the increase of the supply of popular books, and of habits of reading ; the character of part of the audience, which theatres attract, and which in England is made conspicuous by a separate place ; and the “ indecorous and immoral ” character of dramatic literature. Our author ascribes much efficacy to this last cause of the growing unpopularity of the stage in England, and would have it removed by a rigid exercise of the Lord Chamberlain's authority of dramatic censorship.

We have touched upon some topics of Professor Raumer's exceedingly useful work, and given some specimens of his style of remark, sufficient, perhaps, to indicate its general tone and character. If report says true, he is again in England, where we hope he is preparing to send out some testimony of a confirmation of his favorable first impressions. We honor the diligence of his researches, and the abundance of his knowledge ; we admire his candid and philanthropic spirit ; we cordially welcome the conclusions to which he would conduct us respecting the state and prospects of our glorious mother country. “ With all its faults,” (and these it seems determined that we, of all people, shall never forget) “ we love it still,” and that right heartily. Twenty-five years ago, Mrs. Barbauld, in her poem of 1811, wrote of it in the *Cassandra* vein, as follows. It has seen some hard service since, but the prophecy seems now quite as far as then from its fulfilment.

“ Fairest flowers expand but to decay,  
The worm is in thy core, thy glories pass away ;  
Arts, arms, and wealth, destroy the fruits they bring,  
Commerce, like beauty, knows no second spring,  
Crime walks thy streets, Fraud eats her unblest bread,  
O'er want and woe thy gorgeous robe is spread,  
And angel charities in vain oppose ;  
With grandeur's growth the mass of misery grows,” &c.

We have been seeing, that much of this is denied by our author. In fact he allows no part of it. He will not admit even so much as that states, like men, are necessarily born to die. His thoughts on this head are too agreeable for us to choose any other for his parting communication with our readers.

"I should not have a drop of historical blood in my veins, if I did not sympathize in the melancholy with which many look back into past times; if I could not understand the feeling which urges so many a noble mind to try to retain unchanged the institutions which support the power, and increase the glory of England. But flowers fade, trees decay, buildings fall into ruins, and nations disappear from the earth. Where, then, lies the sustaining and revivifying power? Not in the unchanging, the uniform, the motionless; these are rather the signs and characteristics of death, — nay, even death is another name for change and re-creation; and thus, for the continuance of vegetable life, we require fresh seed; for the maintenance of the strongest edifice, constant inspection and repair.

"The individual man must die; but he dies and leaves his blessing to posterity. He knows that they will not be like him in every thing; far from regretting this, he wishes that they should avoid his faults and his weaknesses.

"But all this is trivial. I meant to say something very different. I deny the necessity for the utter decay and fall of nations. It is said, nations consist of individuals, — all individuals must die, — therefore all nations must die. The analogy and the inference are false. Because all plants die, does it follow that all the genera and species must die out? Does not a power of eternal regeneration lie in the great whole?

"No nation has ever fallen but by its own vice and crimes; and the belief in an eternal existence, — the duty of maintaining that existence, — is the first article of a nation's creed, the first rule of a national law. — *Nil desperandum*. This firm persuasion rests not on selfish presumption; on the contrary, it is inseparably connected with the recognition of the existence and the permanence of others, and the utter rejection of all lust of conquest and of overthrow. According to the common notions, Athens was doomed to death when the Persian, and Rome when the Gaul, was within her walls; Prussia, in the Seven Years' War, and the war with France; Spain and Russia, when Napoleon entered Madrid and Moscow. But it was not so.

"There indisputably do exist incurable causes of ruin. But even then the laurel may overshadow the grave, as well as the cypress, — witness Carthage and Numantia.

"Our times are more prolific in the means of prolonging national life than any preceding ones. First, in material means, — in the greater knowledge and improvement of the earth and its productions, in more active intercourse and more liberal mutual assistance. Secondly, financial and military, — in the more equal division of all things, and the more equitable claims

on property and life. Thirdly, legal and political, — in the abolition of slavery, villanage, and the exclusive tyranny of any individual or any class. Fourthly, moral and religious, — in the stream of eternal life, which may and should pervade, sanctify, and bless, every relation of life from the fount of Christianity. Therefore, again I say, — *Nil desperandum*." — pp. 333, 334.

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ART. VII. — 1. *The Life of Richard Bentley, D. D., Master of Trinity College and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, with an Account of his Writings, and Anecdotes of many distinguished Characters, during the Period in which he flourished.* By JAMES HENRY MONK, D. D., Dean of Peterborough.\* 4to. London. 1830.

2. *Litterarische Analecten, herausgegeben von FRIED. AUGUST. WOLF.* Th. I. Berlin, 1816. (The Article RICHARD BENTLEY, in the First Number of WOLF's *Literary Analecta*.)

RICHARD BENTLEY is the greatest classical scholar ever produced by England. Bishop Monk calls him "the most celebrated scholar of modern times." Whether his name could be safely placed above that of Erasmus, Scaliger, and Hemsterhuys, not to mention any of the renowned scholars of the last generation, may be a question on which the learned of England and other countries might differ. But this we think may be safely said, that if Bentley, in all other things the same, had passed his life in the quiet of a University in Holland or Germany; — if he had redeemed to those studies for which he was born, the time and the talents which he wasted in the petty squabbles of his College mastership, he would unquestionably have made himself, beyond all rivalry, the most celebrated scholar of modern times. Most of his works, as he boasts of several of them, were hasty effusions; thrown off without labor, and while his time was engrossed,

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\* Dr. Monk is the present bishop of Gloucester.